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is emptied, to the exclusion of everything better, all the garbage of the generations that preceded it, and men are even officially appointed, and even anointed to carry this work forward, and to baptize it into a blessing. The few vigorous intellects that have risen, and do rise above this prostitution of our native faculties, pay the sad penalty of their naturally progressive natures by being crucified into that dowry of wisdom which comes from suffering. It is bad enough to procreatively inherit the infirmities and rottenness of our ancestors, bad enough to struggle under the sins which the unconsciousness of their moral obligations to us has entailed upon us, without having official men and sanctified institutions to rivet our chains, cast dust in our eyes, and strangle our best faculties in their germ. Walls of separation are built up between us and the things we ought to love, the charities we ought to cultivate, and the enlarged thoughts we ought to grow out of our minds. Words with us assume the gravity of things, they lie like an incubus upon our faculties, blast their healthy exercise, warp us into shrivelled bigots, dwarf the opening powers of our hearts, and render us drivelling idiots at the very portals of complete and enlightened manhood.

All these things darkly and startlingly come before us, although the earth is shaking under the ponderous machinery of material prosperity, success, and glory, although the ocean is covered with the wealth of nations, and the intellect is about to send its thoughts through the dark caverns of the eternal deep. But let us not despair! The ever swelling, ever increasing wave of progress, goes slowly, but perpetually on; through all its apparent halts, variations, and meanderings, its bright coronal is to be seen with the imperishable hopes and aspirations of humanity attached thereto.

BUBBLES.

Was there ever on this planet cheaper toy
Than a pipe and soap and water? O, what joy
Blowing bubbles in the sunlight, blue-eyed boy!

Worlds of wonder out of nothing thou hast made,
Spheres of beauty in the iris dyes arrayed;
Quickly fashioned, if they quickly fade.

Shame upon us! we tho' older now must own,
Counting all the cost of bubbles we have blown,
That the yield of joy was smaller than thine own.

Some have blown far beyond our reach, far on the wind;
Others quickly broke and left no grief behind,
As from each of thine that breaks, a tear we find.

Conqueror or prince, or poet—rich or poor,
King on throne, or lazar begging at the door,
Has but just such hope-fulfilment here,—no more.

Can it be that, in the golden light of heaven,
This fair earth so full of beauty morn and even,
Shall like these frail things to nothing too be driven?

So 'tis written, and we credit. "Papa, dear!
Will the bubbles break in heaven, as they do here?"
"No, my darling: there, the leaves are never sear." B.

Notes and Queries.

BENSON G. LOSSING, Esq., *Poughkeepsie.*

NEW YORK, 7th July, 1857.

DEAR SIR.—You requested me some time ago to communicate to you in writing as a matter worthy of historic preservation, the anecdote which I related to you respecting a small portrait of Washington, on the authority of the late John Pintard. There is so wide and strong an interest in all that relates to our great national hero, and of late especially in relation to his appearance and countenance as preserved by various artists, that in complying with your request, I shall take the liberty of doing it in print.

The late John Pintard is gratefully remembered in this city for his long connection with all our city interests, and his liberal and devoted services to many of our institutions—commercial, charitable, religious, and literary. During the Revolution he left Princeton College, where he was a student, to serve as a volunteer in the Jersey line of the Continental army, and he was afterwards, until the end of the war, in that service as an officer in the Commissary department. When the first Congress under our present Constitution sat in New York, and Washington resided here as President, he was an active member of our city corporation, zealously engaged in its affairs, especially in making those arrangements (such as building the old "Federal Hall," etc.) which were proper to provide for the accommodation of the new government of the Union, and to induce its permanent location at New York. I mention these circumstances to show that Mr. Pintard was an excellent authority as to the fact he stated, and as well as to the fidelity of any likeness of Washington as President or general.

Joseph Wright was a native of New Jersey, a son of Mrs. Wright, celebrated in her day (about 1770–1795) for her successful modelling of likenesses in wax. She was, I fancy, the only worker in that line who ever attained the character and rank of an artist, which she certainly enjoyed in England. He was taken to England in his youth, and was brought up as a painter under the care and instruction of West, a near friend of his family, and of Hoppner, a good and popular painter of that day, who married his sister. Wright became respectable as a portrait painter, and followed that business for a time in London and also a little in Paris, under the countenance of Franklin. Some time before the peace of 1783 Wright returned to his native country, and was from that time employed professionally in New York and Philadelphia, until, upon the establishment of the mint of the United States, he was appointed by Washington as the draughtsman and die-sinker of the establishment. Consequently, the first coins of the United States, and, I presume, the first of the series of the Presidential medals, were from his designs. He died of the yellow fever in its terrible visitation of Philadelphia in 1793. Washington had sat to Wright twice for portraits soon after his arrival in this country. One of these was a full-length, now in possession of the son of the late Hare Powell, for whose family it was painted. This seems to have been painted before the peace of 1783. Washington sat again to Wright in 1784 for a portrait to be sent to Europe, to the Count de Solms. Some years after, when Washington had been inaugurated President, Wright, according to my recollection of Mr. Pintard's relation, was anxious to procure another sitting for some special purpose, probably to execute a commission from England. The President was fully occupied with the